

六畳間の侵略者!? 24のインパクト源付き特装版購入者特典

六畳間の侵略者!? 24

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Rokujouma no Shinryakusha!? - Short Story Compilation

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A bonus short story from Toranoana that came with Volume 13. Translated by Mountain of Pigeons.

Harumi's Knitting Circumstances

Rokujouma
no
Shinryakusha!?

Harumi's Knitting
Circumstances



In little more than a year since he'd joined the Knitting Society, Satomi Koutarou's knitting competency had increased greatly. Originally he didn't have the balance to knit a scarf well, but now if it were a normal pattern then he could knit well. Of course, there was still plenty of room for improvement, when knitting curved surfaces and complicated shapes his hands faltered. To put it simply, his skills were approaching the point where they could be used in practical situations.

So, Koutarou was being taught by Harumi again today. The early summer sunlight streamed in through the open windows, lighting up the club room. Harumi's teaching was filled with passion to match the light.

"Satomi-kun, it's not like that there, it's like this."

"Like this?"

"Not quite... Hmm, how do I explain it I wonder...?"

Harumi had several reasons to be passionate.

The greatest among them was her desire to be helpful to Koutarou.

With the things that had happened between her, Harumi had given her heart to Koutarou. She wanted to do just as much for him, no, even more than that, she wanted to be needed by him. Koutarou had made a promise in the past to complete a sweater, to head for a better future, and knitting was Harumi's speciality above all others. She felt it was fate that what the one she liked wanted to do was her speciality, and so was filled with passion for teaching Koutarou how to knit. There were many ways to say it, but in the end, Harumi loved him.

Also, it was usually noisy around Koutarou, there were always many people around. Harumi liked them and looked up to their liveliness but she also sometimes thought that they were too energetic and wanted them to calm down. It was an impression that was only because of the difference in their personalities, it had nothing to do with liking or disliking them. So Harumi thought it was nice to sometimes have some calm time, with Koutarou if possible. As those 'calm times' she had nothing to criticise with the Knitting Society's activities.

There were other reasons, the likelihood of Koutarou being the next president of the Knitting Society was high, so passing down suitable skill was urgent. She also had to teach Yurika, who had joined the society several days ago, so she wanted to teach Koutarou alone quickly.

Because of these various reasons, she was passionate about teaching Koutarou. To the extent that sometimes she'd forget her surroundings, that's what these times were like.

"That's it, Satomi-kun, stand up for a minute please."

Harumi put her hands together in front of her chest and smiled. She had been thinking of a way to teach Koutarou a complicated pattern but had finally thought of a good idea.

"Okay. I don't mind, but..."

Koutarou stood as she asked, and held his hands out forwards, holding the knitting needles.

"Is this okay?"

"Yes, now... I think it will be easy to understand like this."

Harumi placed her back against Koutarou's chest and pulled his hands towards her. She took his hands in hers and started moving the knitting needles. Doing so, Koutarou understood how the needles were moving well. He could see her fingers well too, and quite literally picked up how to reel the thread. It was certainly a very effective teaching method, and a great idea – but.

"You move the needles like this. It's easy once you know how."

"Umm, Sakuraba-senpai. I... uh really understand the technique, but..."

"What?"

Harumi stopped her movements and slowly looked over her shoulder.

"Standing like this, uh... isn't it... really bad...?"

"Eh?"

She had completely stopped and they were close enough to hear each other breathe, and Koutarou could see himself reflected in Harumi's eyes.

“...Uhhh...”

This was the first time they’d been so close, Harumi slowly took in the situation.

“...I-I-I um...”

Harumi’s face was instantly dyed red and her eyes opened as wide as they could, colouring her expression with shock. She had had her heart set on teaching Koutarou how to knit and hadn’t noticed what had happened until now. However you looked at it, it appeared that Harumi was entrusting her body to Koutarou and receiving a hug from behind. It couldn’t be seen as anything other than a lover’s act.

“...This is... I-I didn’t... I was just...”

“It’s okay, I understand! You’re not someone who’d do something this bold suddenly!”

Koutarou was panicking too. Even more so, he was surprised by Harumi’s bold act – though he knew it wasn’t intentional, and with her bright red face, Harumi appeared unusually girlish. With those big wavering eyes in front of him, and feeling the warmth from her close body, Koutarou’s heart shook.

“I’ll let you go right away!”

Koutarou frantically went to release her, but held tighter and stopped his hands.

“Sakuraba-senpai?”

“Ah...”

Harumi soon realised what she had done and went even redder. It was embarrassing to cling to Koutarou, but to be released so soon was a shame as a girl. Because of that and other things, Harumi’s feelings were complicated.

“U-uh, Satomi-kun, I, I!”

“Y-yes!?”

They were wrapped in the tight atmosphere of the room, and time around them came to a stop. They were everything to each other. The relationship

they'd knitted together had taken a special form. Then.

Crash!

"I, Nijino Yurika will put my heart and soul into the society today as well!"

It was Yurika's turn to clean the classroom so she was late, and burst into the room without knocking.

"Woaaaahhh!?"

"Aaaaahhh!!"

"Hmm? What happened, you two?"

Yurika looked strangely at the two who had jumped apart in a panic. Fortunately, she hadn't seen them together.

"N-nothing. You just surprised us coming in so suddenly."

"Satomi-kun's right."

"Did I? I'm sorry, I'll be careful from now on."

Yurika honestly believed them and apologised, relieving both Koutarou and Harumi. What relieved them wasn't that they hadn't been seen by Yurika. But that they might have blurted out something unbelievable if Yurika hadn't come.



Sakuraba Harumi

An upperclassman that Koutarou met during the entrance ceremony, the slightly weak-bodied leader of the knitting society. That's what she was...

A bonus short story from Animate that came with Volume 16. Translated by Kazugaya.

Volume 16 Side – Ruthkhanian

A few months had passed since Ruth started to train her swordsmanship. Those great efforts bore fruit, and now her appearance swinging the sword became good. Thanks to her lineage she had talent for the sword from the start, and her methodical personality only helped, her swordsmanship became beautiful.

“...Why can't you move like that against a person?”

“Even if you ask that... It would hurt if the sword hit...”

“It's your character, huh?”

Koutarou smiled wryly. The problem was Ruth's personality. She had the theory engrained, however she didn't like solving things with violence. Because of this, against a person, her swordsmanship dulled.

“However, you won't be able to hurt someone like that, Ruth-san.”

“I understand it in my head, but... It's quite, umm...”

If you considered Ruth's strength to be 100 against the practice equipment, against a person it didn't even reach 50. No matter how beautiful her swordplay, it was a waste of talent, not enough even for self-defence.

“Satomi-kun, why not limit the Vice-Captain—Ruth-san's sword to a non-lethal weapon?”

Maki, who also participated to the training, proposed this. Her thinking was simple: because you didn't want to hurt someone, if the sword was blunt and couldn't hurt others in the first place, then that would be fine.

“I see. That's good. Ruth-san, let's give it a try. With the Sword of Light.”

“Y-Yes”

With a serious expression, Ruth took out her precious Sword of Light—the beam sword used by her ancestor, Flair—and created a sword blade which would only give a feeble shock to the opponent. Then, she took a stance holding it in both hands. From her appearance, her hesitation seemed to have disappeared, and her stance became slightly better.

“...Her lineage, huh...”

Seeing Ruth in a stance with the Sword of Light, Koutarou was seized by nostalgic feelings. Be it the appearance or the face, she bore close resemblance to Flair with whom he fought side by side in the past. It was as though she herself stood before him.

“Making that face is troubling, Master...”

At once, Ruth blushed and cast her eyes down. Her posture became a little reserved too. The gentle look that Koutarou sometimes gave was also one of the things that weakened Ruth’s will to fight.

“I’m sorry, Ruth-san”

Koutarou immediately lowered the face guard of his armour. For the training Koutarou wore a full body armour without power. Because Koutarou’s silhouette disappeared completely after lowering the face guard of his helmet, Ruth instantly recovered her stance.

“I’m ready, Ruth-san”

“Here I come!”

With that signal, Ruth quickly closed the distance. She wore little protective gear, so her movements were quick. Reaching him in an instant, she swung down her sword at Koutarou.

“Haa!!”

“Whoah!?”

Koutarou defended hurriedly. Compared to before, Ruth movements were like those of a different person. With heavy armour and a large knight’s sword, defending was the best he could do. The two continued to fight like this for a while.

“...You became stronger, Ruth-san”

“This is the result of your great instruction.”

In the end, wearing the heavy armour, Koutarou’s breath grew ragged, and Ruth’s blow hit his torso. Koutarou had lost but, seeing Ruth’s happiness, he also felt like he’d won. Being able to make others feel like this was Ruth true greatness, however she surely wouldn’t recognise it. He felt it was a slight shame.

A bonus short story from Toranoana that came with Volume 16. Translated by Kazugaya.

Volume 16 Side – Shizuka

Shizuka's greatest concern was that each time she fought at full power, her weight increased. It was because the giant dragon residing inside Shizuka's body distorted space, so actually it wasn't like she gained any weight. However, a girl's instinct perceived the creaking of the floor as a threat. Even if it was for the sake of protecting her friends, it was a serious problem.

"Uncle Alu^[1], can't you do something about the space distortion?"

"I would really like to do so, but the correction of space is an extremely advanced magic. Rather than starting to recover my magical power, the restoration itself would be slowed even more."

"That's... We were all going to go to the beach, but at this rate I will be the only one who won't be able to swim."

Shizuka was particular about her weight because of the talk that everyone would go to the beach together. It would be a problem if she wanted to swim then ended sinking in the water. Or when walking on the sandy beach, she didn't want to imagine that she would be the only one to have her feet sink into the sand.

"Isn't that fine, no matter how many tonnes you weigh?"

"It's not fine! Sanae-chan, try imagining me being the only one walking at the bottom of the sea!"

"Umm... Isn't that cool?"

"...L-Look... Haa..."

"Well, if it's really that's unpleasant, why don't you try asking them?"

Unable to overlook the depressed Shizuka, Sanae pointed at the corner of the

room. There, Ruth and Clan were chatting cheerfully.

“I see! Ruth-san, Clan-san!”

“Yes?”

“What is it?”

“Is it possible to decrease my weight with the power of science!?”

“Hmm, not your diet, but correcting the space distortion?”

“That’s right!”

“There is nothing that can’t be done.”

“Really!?”

At the positive answer, Shizuka unintentionally leaned forward. Thereupon, Clan nodded deeply.

“To negate the distortion field created by Alunaya-san, we only need to create a negative distortion field.”

“Please do it!”

“I don’t mind. Is it fine if it works for approximately ten seconds?”

“Eh!? T-Ten seconds!?”

Those unexpected words made Shizuka stare in wonder. Then Ruth took over the unfortunate conversation.

“...The energy released by Alunaya-sama is powerful, a small amount of energy would never suffice. However, to use that amount energy, the batteries wouldn’t be enough.”

Considering the purpose, remodelling a personal barrier generator would be the best. However, the batteries used wouldn’t be able to keep up with the distortion created by Alunaya. In the end, the problem was that Alunaya was too powerful.

“T-That’s...”

“Give up and walk at the bottom of the sea”

“Noo! Never!!”

It seemed that Shizuka's sea bathing would end up with her walking at the bottom of the sea.

A bonus short story from Tsutaya that came with Volume 16. Translated by Mountain of Pigeons.



Volume 16 Side – Karama & Korama

The Haniwa's morning began early. This was because Kiriha rose early, she had the important duty of making breakfast in room 106. The Haniwa followed her to the room.

“Ho-, Yurika-chan is still sleeping, ho-.”

“First we'll wipe the drool, ho-.”

“...ngh, I, I can't eat any mooore. Uhe, uhe, uhehehehe...”

Their first job was to wake Yurika. From their experience so far, she wouldn't wake in the mornings under her own power. She also often slept improperly for a girl, so she had to be able to correct that before Koutarou got up.

“We’ll shake her, ho-. Even though we know it won’t wake her, we’ll still do it, ho-.”

“We’re hard workers, ho-. We love work, ho-. We’re the model servant, ho-.”

The Haniwa went inside the wardrobe and quickly began shaking Yurika. A normal person would have woken, but Yurika wasn’t normal, and didn’t wake.

“Bufefefefe... Well, it’s an all-you-can-eat after all... So I’ll get my money’s worth and go home... Bufe bufefefe.”

“Brother, she’s not going to wake any time soon, ho-.”

“Then, next we’ll do this, ho-.”

The Haniwa knew this would happen, so they soon moved to their next plan and began tickling her nose with feathers that they’d brought. It had brought certain victory for them recently.

“... Ahh, ahh...”

Yurika’s nose quickly started to itch.

“It’s working, ho-.”

“One more breath, ho-.”

Sensing Yurika’s oncoming sneeze, they strengthened their tickling, however.

“Ahhh... hmmmm...”

“Ho-! Ho ho ho-!”

“Nuwawawawa ho-!”

However, Yurika wasn’t to be underestimated, she rolled over in her sleep, onto the Haniwa.

“Help, hoooooooooooo-.”

“Ane-go, Ane-go! The tables have turned, ho-!”

Yurika still showed no signs of waking, as the Haniwa struggled underneath her. It may have seemed like they were suffering an awful fate, but they were actually happy. They loved Yurika, even if she’d given them a hard job.

A bonus short story from Animate that came with Volume 17. Translated by Kazugaya.

Volume 17 Side – Theiamillis

For Theia, Koutarou was an important vassal like Ruth, but at the same time, he was the man she'd fallen in love with. That's why, sometimes she wanted to hear gentle words from him and for him to care for her. However, because of her obstinate character, she couldn't honestly request it. That was the cause of her worries recently. Thus, the one who she could rely on for these worries was, of course, her childhood friend, Ruth.

"Ruth, the other day, you walked while linking arms with Koutarou, right?"^[2]

"You saw that?"

"Indeed. By chance when I went to buy an old game."

"I am sorry, I am trying to be careful to not attract attention, but..."

Ruth was ashamed by what Theia pointed out. Ruth was careful not to be spoiled when it could lower Koutarou's standing or hurt the others' feelings. For it to come to light was a big failure.

"That isn't the problem. What I want to ask is, how can I do something like that?"

What Theia wanted to ask was how to walk while linking arms with Koutarou. Ruth accomplished it quickly, but to Theia it was almost impossible. She desperately wanted to know how.

"Even if you ask how, I only said to Master that I wanted to link arms..."

"It's because I can't do so that I'm troubled. Please Ruth, explain in detail."

"Your Highness..."

Being requested by Theia, Ruth thought hard. And the result of pondering for a little while was that she could think of one piece of advice.

“The relation between your Highness and Master is usually more confrontational than mine.”

“Indeed... it certainly has that tendency.”

“That is why, it is difficult for the mood to be suitable.”

“That’s right. Because you’re so diligent, he will always think you’re serious, but... If I did the same, he’d end up thinking it was a joke”

“Because of these circumstances, it would be good to not miss serious topics.”

“Serious topics?”

“Yes. If it’s just after a really serious topic, I think you can convey that it is not a joke.”

“I see, certainly that might be the case! Thinking about it, when Koutarou and I deepened our bonds, generally there was that kind of moment!”

“When Master’s troubled, or when Your Highness wants to convey your gratitude, I think it is all right to link arms without saying anything.”

“I understand, I’ll try when I see the chance! You saved me, Ruth!”

A lively smile returned on Theia’s visage. Ruth looked at it fondly while smiling. She was satisfied that she could help with her master’s worry. But then, Ruth noticed she also had a question for Theia.

“Your Highness, is it fine if I ask a question too?”

“What?”

“What should I do, to be able to fight with Master?”

“...Are you asking this seriously?”

“Yes, of course”

Ruth’s worry was that her relation with Koutarou was too calm. Occasionally, she wanted to fight with Koutarou and exchange wrestling techniques, like Theia. Ruth thought that how Koutarou acted fiercely with Theia was a way to express his affection. Her wanting to experience it could be called Ruth’s girlish desire.

“Your Highness, please, teach me.”

“An unusual thing... It’s simple, hit Koutarou whenever possible”

“It is because I cannot that I am troubled.”

“It can’t be helped... Why not start with criticism?”

“Criticism... However, Master has few faults, so...”

“It’s impossible, give up. You just don’t have enough ill will.”

“Your Highness!!”

If Ruth were to vent her feelings to Koutarou like how she was currently to Theia, then one day a counter-attack would come from Koutarou, but Ruth didn’t realise. Because she didn’t realise, until she could understand, she’d need a little more time.

*A bonus short story from MelonBooks that came with Volume 17. Translated by **Kazugaya**.*

Volume 17 Side – Sanae

Because she could play a lot, Sanae loved summer, but she was really dissatisfied by one thing. That she wouldn't be able to cling to Koutarou because it was too hot. Certainly, if she hugged Koutarou's back under the blazing sun, it would grow really hot in the space between Koutarou's back and Sanae's chest. Sanae didn't mind, but it wasn't the case for Koutarou. No matter how light she was, Sanae's weight was near 40kg. Just clinging would be one thing, but to carry Sanae's weight while walking would add to the heat. That was the reason Koutarou kept Sanae away.

"So we need a countermeasure, quickly."

"Sanae-chan, I think that this at least is as Koutarou-san said."

The opinions of the former ghost "Sanae-chan" and the formerly sick "Sanae-san" differed on this. Sanae-chan was fixated on clinging to Koutarou's back no matter what. That was because she believed it was her privilege and duty. On the contrary, Sanae-san supported Koutarou's opinion. If you thought about it realistically, it wasn't good to cling to someone in the middle of summer. As a girl, she thought of how it would be to cling to Koutarou while she was sweating because of the heat.

"You, you're just embarrassed to cling to Koutarou, right?"

"There is that too, but... As a girl, I'm reluctant."

"It's because you overcome it that it's love. Love is all"

"Jeez, you always bring that up when there's an issue."

The two Sanae had been arguing for a while. Looking at them you could see two people, but strictly speaking it was only one person. They shared their memories and feelings. However, through their growth, their way of expressing

their feelings differed. That's why, even if they both loved Koutarou, the way they would express it was different. Sanae-chan was proactive, and Sanae-san was reserved. This situation was the visible form of the conflict they usually had inside their heart.

"You, try to think properly."

"About what?"

"Living things are breathing, right?"

"Mhm."

"If they don't breathe, they die, right?"

"Generally... That's true. Though it seems some things don't."

"It's the same. If Sanae-chan is separated from Koutarou, she'll die"

"I don't think so..."

"Philosophical comments and serious retorts are prohibited."

"Aw."

However, it was generally Sanae-chan's opinion that was most often chosen. Sanae-san having a reserved personality, she couldn't refute Sanae-chan's confident statement. And now too, the argument was moving forward like that.

"I-It's true that hugging Koutarou-san make me happy, but..."

"Right?"

"But, as a girl, don't you think about showing your cute side? Not only pushing your feelings forwards..."

"Hmm..."

However, their conversation began to turn into an unexpected direction. Sanae-chan wasn't like her old self either. She had grown too thanks to many experiences. She had grown and learnt to be considerate, so it raised her attention. She should be by Koutarou's side as a beautiful Yamato Nadeshiko.

"Got it. This time we'll use your opinion."

"...Thank goodness..."

Unintentionally, Sanae-san felt relieved. She shouldn't cling to Koutarou until he felt unpleasant. Sanae-san had been hospitalised for a long time and she had grown while suppressing herself, so this thought was strong.

“Here's the problem: What kind of clothes should I wear to make Koutarou happy when I cling to him?!”

“That's wrong! That's not what I meant!! Wrong, wrong!”

“A kimono, right!? Or perhaps, a daring dress!?”

“I told you that's wrong!!! The clinging itself is the problem!!!”

The unfettered Sanae-chan was the opponent, so she couldn't be dealt by ordinary means. However, it might be fine. After all, if Sanae-chan won, it would mean that her suppressed self would be released. For Sanae-san, that certainly wouldn't be a bad conclusion.

A bonus short story from Toranoana that came with Volume 17. Translated by Kazugaya.

Volume 17 Side – Kiriha

A few days had passed since Kiriha declared that she would invade Koutarou's life. But from what Koutarou could see, there was no real change in her behaviour on the surface. It was only to the extent of doing surprise attacks and showing direct expressions of love when nobody was around. Nevertheless, Kiriha's actions accumulated one by one in Koutarou's heart. Koutarou felt like a huge change happened inside Kiriha, and the impression given by her actions changed.

"Ro~ar~, certain kill~, Kabutonga Kick ♪"

And today too was the same. Kiriha was just singing in a low voice while preparing the dinner in the kitchen as usual. However, that alone was enough to shake Koutarou. After entering, Koutarou stood still in the entranceway watching Kiriha. Because of that, the first one to speak was Kiriha.

"...Hmm? Welcome home, Koutarou"

"Aa, yeah, I'm back."

"What's wrong, Just standing there like that?"

"Nothing much. I was just thinking a little."

"I see. Then, could you wait in the room? I will make some barley tea at once. It was hot, right?"

"Got it, thanks."

"Mm."

Koutarou, who was felling strangely embarrassed, took advantage of Kiriha's proposal and fled to the main room.

I'm feeling kinda strange... I'm going mad...

Koutarou sat at his usual place at the dining table and tried to calm his feelings. Koutarou already stopped denying the feeling that Kiriha was important to him. However, because she was important to him, there was a line he couldn't cross. Koutarou didn't want to do anything irresponsible to Kiriha.

"... What is it? What have you been thinking about so deeply?"

Before he knew it, Kihira was sitting next to him. Then she poured the cold tea from the pot into a glass. This act was overflowing with endless kindness and deep affection. It was a degree of carefulness so that Koutarou wouldn't have to speak unnecessarily. However, because she wasn't someone he needed to keep a secret from, Koutarou obediently told her his feelings.

"You said that you'll invade my life, right, Kiriha-san?"

"I did."

"Well... I just actually felt the seriousness about that."

"Oh? Then that's a step forward."

Kiriha put the glass in front of Koutarou with a clunk, and then she stared at his face. Her clear eyes were of course full of deep love and kindness. Without feeling any reservations, she was affirming Koutarou's existence with all her strength.

"It's strange. I'm sure that if I suddenly strangled you, you would forgive me."

"That's not entirely true. Only in the case that it's really necessary for you."

"Oi, don't say that you'd forgive it."

"I see. So... are you going to strangle me?"

Kiriha chuckled, then while smiling, she opened the chest portion of her clothes, exposing her neck completely. As if inviting him to do it if he wanted, and she wouldn't mind.

"There is no way I would do that. If I did, I would regret it all my life."

"Hmm, then that would be the ultimate way to invade."

While continuing to smile, Kiriha rearranged her disordered clothes. Her wish was to be by Koutarou's side and create her own place in his heart. Whether in

a positive way or a negative way, there wasn't a great difference to her.

"Please, stop with that sort of joke. I don't want to embrace you after you've gone cold."

"Fufufu... In other words, if I am not cold you will embrace me?"

"H-Hey, I didn't mean it like that..."

"Didn't you?"

"..."

However, if it really did end up negative, she wouldn't be able to tease Koutarou. Because her true desire was for a different reason, Kiriha wished for it to be in a positive way.

A bonus short story from Animate that came with Volume 18. Translated by Kazugaya.

Volume 18 Side – Shizuka

Shizuka treasured Corona House, a memento of her parents, so cleaning it and maintaining it became her daily routine. That's why, if something was different, while it was still just a difference, she would find it, because if something happened in the Corona House, she would be the first one to notice it.

"What are you doing, Karama-chan, Korama-chan?"

The strangeness this day was that two haniwas were doing something resembling a dance in the corner of the plot of Corona House.

"In the end, we realised that to become stronger you can't rely on others, ho!"

"We decided we would master the art of war with our own power, ho!"

"So that wasn't a dance, it was martial arts."

"That's right, ho! We're developing the Divine Fist of the Haniwa, ho-!"

"To knock those soulless machines to hell, ho!"

"I see, for you, human martial arts are useless."

Shizuka could only see a dance, but it was the martial art practice of the haniwas. The length of their arms and the proportion of their body differed greatly from humans, and they didn't have legs either. Therefore they couldn't use human martial arts, and they had to come up with their own.

"At present, we understand that the Jet Head-Butt is the best, ho!"

"Spiritual Field Punch isn't bad either, ho!"

The haniwas showed Shizuka some of their techniques. Human martial arts were made to be performed with the abilities humans are born with, but in the

case of the haniwas it became a martial art including abilities like using barriers and flying. It was a martial art with a different concept than the human's.

"Hee... That's interesting."

Having an interest in the haniwas' techniques, Shizuka stopped cleaning and continued to watch them. However, in the middle of it, she noticed that what the haniwas were doing might be something that she needed too. Then she started to talk to the Fire Dragon Emperor dwelling inside her.

"Hey, Uncle"

"What?"

"Shouldn't we come up with something like that too?"

"I think so. It's tied to the efficient use of magical power, so as a result your weight problem will reduce."

"Really!?"

When Shizuka used the Fire Dragon Emperor's power, her appearance changed to something between human and dragon. A horn grew on her head, claws on her hands, wings on her back, a tail on her waist, her appearance became separate from that of a human, and her body's strength became extremely high. That's why, an efficient way to fight should certainly exist for this form.

"Karama-chan, Korama-chan, it's fine if I join you?"

"We welcome you, ho!"

"Our school's doors are always open, ho!"

Shizuka leaned her broom against the wall, then imagining her half-dragon, half-human form, she started to lightly move her body. So far, she had continued to use the karate she used since she was a child when fighting in half-dragon, half-human form, but looking at it again, she noticed that karate had many flaws. The best examples would be the wings on her back and her tail. There was a great difference in the centre of gravity and the air resistance, when rotating her body she needed to fold her wings and her tail, and strongly kick the ground. There were countless other differences.

“Sei! Yaa!”

“Hooo! Wacha!”

“Hohohohoho! Hohoo!”

Before long, one person and two haniwas started sparring. As expected they were grateful to each have a partner, and they checked each technique and move they could think of one by one.

“By the way, Karama-chan, Korama-chan, why did you suddenly start to practice martial art?”

“There are times when a man must fight, ho!”

“Specifically, we want to fight and stand out, ho! More than Ruth-chan’s drones, ho!”

“What a suprising ulterior motive”

“There isn’t a great difference with a countermeasure against gaining weight, ho.”

“Shizuka-chan has a ulterior motive too, ho.”

“Aha! That’s true!”

Shizuka and the haniwas continued to practice martial arts cheerfully together for a while like this. A few days later, Shizuka would receive a complaint about the strange voices from the neighbouring house, but she couldn’t have known that at the time. While being bathed in the gentle sunlight of the autumn’s sun, Shizuka and the haniwas spent a fun time together.

A bonus short story from Book☆Walker that came with Volume 18.
*Translated by **Mountain of Pigeons**.*

ハヤの慢 略者？

健速
Takehaya
イラストノ
ポコ



side:
Maki

18

BOOK★WALKER
限定

健速先生書き下ろし
ショートストーリー





ROOM No.106
CORONA-SOU

BOOK☆WALKER限定購入者特典

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Volume 18 Side – Maki

Magic was a traditional technique, and of course, not everyone could use it, so it was fundamentally passed down from master to apprentice. This didn't change, even with Rainbow Heart and Darkness Rainbow. Maki had actually learnt magic from her mistress, Maya.

"Make us your apprentices please, ho-!"

"We want to learn magic, ho-!"

"... Haniwa-san, are you saying that seriously?"

However, asking to be her apprentices, were unexpectedly the two Haniwa. They both got on with her well and were lined up in front of her, both hands on the floor with their heads deeply bowed. Though, them being Haniwa meant that it was closer to them lying on the floor.

"We're serious, ho-!"

"We have something we need to do, ho-!"

At first, Maki thought it was a joke, but the Haniwa were serious. They'd rushed over to Maki and frantically spoken their minds.

"Something you have to do? What?"

"We need to beat that thing, ho-!"

"We'll show the power of Haniwa, ho-!"

"That thing'?"

"The blue thing that Ruth-chan uses, ho-!"

"We want to be stronger than that unmanned fighter, ho!"

"Ah!"

The Haniwa plead earnestly as they shook back and forth, and finally Maki understood their situation. They saw the unmanned drone that Ruth used in emergencies as a rival, they wanted the strength to overcome that.

“We thought a lot about how to become strong, ho-!”

“We’d ally with Ruth-chan, and learn martial arts, ho!”

“Then, we finally thought of the ultimate strategy, ho!”

“We’d become magical girls, ho!”

“It can’t use magic, ho-!”

“I see...”

She was surprised at first, but there was some truth to the Haniwa’s words. The drone wouldn’t be able to use magic, being a simple machine. So if they could learn magic, it would certainly be a large advantage.

“Maki-chan, please, ho-!”

“Make us your apprentices, ho-!”

“Well, I don’t mind you being my apprentices at least, but...”

“Really, ho!? Thank you, ho!!”

“We’ll call you mistress from now on, ho!!”

“I can’t guarantee you’ll be able to use magic.”

“What, ho-!?”

“What do you mean, ho-!?”

The Haniwa’s faces were shocked at Maki’s words. The blank faces coming towards her slightly overawed Maki as she explained.

“You need to be born with the ability for magic. If you don’t have the ability, even if I teach you, you won’t be able to use it, that’s what I mean.”

Maki’s worry was that they weren’t human. Even humans couldn’t use magic if they didn’t have the ability. And the probability a person would have the ability was low. With the Haniwa, that probability was probably even lower.

“Making the impossible possible, we’ll definitely beat it, ho!”

“We’re Japanese Men, ho! We’ll definitely become magical girls, ho!”

“It’s good that you’re ready, but...”

If they knew they might not be able to use magic then she didn't mind. She thought it was strange, but she'd try and teach them magic.

The first magic that Maki would teach the Haniwa was the basics of basics. The weakest among the magic that made light, that all magic users started learning.

"Let's go, Karama!"

"Right, Korama!"

"Fire Bug, ho-!"

"Fire Bug, ho-!"

They raised their chopstick sized magic staffs and simultaneously chanted the incantation. As they did, their bodies began to glow weakly.

"They did it!?"

Maki was hugely surprised at that. Not matter that they had a soul, their bodies were definitely artificial. It could be called a miracle that they could somehow use magic. Because Maki understood how magic worked well, Maki was deeply surprised.

"It went out, ho-."

"It was just a little, ho-."

However, the Haniwa really couldn't use magic. The light that enveloped their bodies extinguished shortly.

"We really don't have the talent then, ho-."

"We're not suited for it, ho-."

They dejectedly dropped their shoulders. Wanting to become magical girls, the Haniwa had wanted to shine for longer.

"That's not true. For you, the fact that you could use magic at all is amazing."

If you asked Maki, the Haniwa had an astounding talent for magic. It appeared weak compared to humans, but they had magic as Haniwa. It really was a miracle that they could use magic.

“Why don’t you try a little more, yeah?”

“Mistreeess!!”

“We’ll do our best, ho—!!”

The Haniwa apprenticed themselves to Maki with this, and began walking the path of magical girls. Of course, they couldn’t use amazing magic. However, before long, they’d learn magic to make a faint scent, and magic to cool a little, and succeed in adding value to themselves. The drone couldn’t do that, so they were satisfied with it.

*A bonus short story from MelonBooks that came with Volume 18. Translated by **Mountain of Pigeons**.*

ハヤタ

健速
Takehaya
イラスト/
ポコ

メロンブックス
限定

健速先生書き下ろし
ショートストーリー

18

side:
Karama&Corama

NOT FOR SALE





ROOM No. 106
CORONA-SOU

メロンブックス限定購入者特典

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Volume 18 Side – Karama & Korama

While they had an unusual birth, the haniwa, Karama and Korama were constantly seeking to improve themselves. That day, they didn't have any idea how to improve themselves as they stared at a piece of paper on the dining table and continued a meaningless argument.

"That's really our rival, ho!"

"It keeps stealing our time to shine, ho!"

The topic today was that they weren't standing out. As they repeated the arguments, they kept arriving at the existence of a rival, the unmanned small fighter that was called from the Blue Knight.

"It's just full of weapons, ho."

"Now you mention it, it always has different weapons when it's called, ho."

There was a cute picture of the drone drawn on the paper they were gathered around. Drawn by their autograph pen. The drone had a lot of options, so in large scale battles, it had lots of places it could shine. The haniwa were general purpose automata, so compared poorly to the combat drone. There was no helping it stealing the spotlight.

"But we have weapons too, ho!"

"Spirit blades and guns, and there's O-hime, ho! But they're always away, ho."

"We need something we can always use right away, ho!"

"Then we'll have more opportunities, ho! Let's ask Anego's friend, Clan-chan, ho!"

The point of improvement they found today was that there weren't many circumstances they could use their options. So they came to the conclusion of having Clan send them their weapons as she got on well with Kiriha.

"But its most terrifying thing isn't its weapons, ho."

"That's the biggest problem, ho."

But the haniwa noticed another, awfully important point. Rather than focussing on increasing their combat options, they should see this as dangerous.

“It’s Ruth-chan, ho!”

“A full-time operator is unfair, ho!”

“It itself isn’t great, ho!”

“The amazing one is Ruth-chan, ho!”

The haniwa followed Kiriha’s orders, but in the end, the judgement was theirs. In battle, Kiriha had to focus on commanding all their allies, so couldn’t just command the haniwa. Whereas the drone had Ruth as a full-time operator, she could focus solely on that, so in the end, it raised its battle efficiency. The haniwa were jealous of that.

“That’s right, ho! We should have Ruth-chan look after us too, ho!”

“That’s right, ho! Let’s go greet her with a box of cakes, ho!”

“We’re geniuses, ho!”

“This is how we’re different from the drone, ho!”

The conclusion they finally arrived at was to have Ruth take over their operation. There was the possibility that that was essentially a loss, but the optimistic haniwa didn’t particularly pay attention to that.

A bonus short story from Toranoana that came with Volume 18. Translated by Kazugaya.



Ruthkhanian Nye Pardomshiha

An alien that came from the Holy Forthorthean Galactic Empire as the princess Theia's attendant. She's recently spent many full days working as the Vice-leader of the Satomi Knight Order.

Volume 18 Side – Ruthkhanian

Ruth held the title of guardian knight, but she knew that she wasn't suited to fighting. Recently, she became considerably stronger thanks to Koutarou teaching her swordsmanship, but it didn't change the problem of her character. Because she was born into a noble family she couldn't say it, but she was aware that being a knight protecting her house was the best she could do.

"However... Why did I think that I had to learn swordsmanship?"

She learnt swordsmanship from Koutarou, and she received the swords that her ancestor, Flairhan, used. Thanks to this, she became more or less capable of fighting with a sword, but then she began to doubt. She didn't understand why she thought she had to become stronger.

"I can't find a clear reason...?"

Setting up the swords of light, which was in truth Clan's beam swords, used by Flairhan in the legend of the Blue Knight, Ruth tilted her head on the side. The past Ruth was driven by the desire to become stronger. Even though she understood she wasn't suited to fighting, she thought she had to become stronger. However, both then and even now, she didn't understand why she was seeking this strength. What did I intend to fight?, Ruth still had this question.

“W-well, the reasoning doesn’t really matter.”

Theia, who was accompanying Ruth in her training, earnestly dodged the question. Knowing why Ruth learnt swordsmanship, Theia understood heavily that Ruth shouldn’t search her memory more than this.

“But it feels like something isn’t right...”

Ruth still looked at her swords perplexedly. Why would she, being gentle, need to take up the sword? Theia, Koutarou, or perhaps one of the girls of room 106? Did an enemy appear that she needed to defend them from by taking up the sword herself? Her thoughts gradually went in the direction Theia tried to avoid.

“The important thing isn’t the reasoning! Thanks to learning swordsmanship, you became able to handle Flairhan’s swords of light, so looking at the result it’s a huge success, no? The reason doesn’t matter, this is the guidance of the Goddess of Dawn.”

The real motive for Ruth to start learning swordsmanship was her defeat against Shizuka disguised as Kabutonga at the amusement park last year. She was enraged and didn’t remember what happened at the time, but because she couldn’t admit herself to be inferior to a rhinoceros beetle, she sought strength.

Theia was anxious that Ruth would reach this conclusion. That’s why, she was desperate to change the subject.

“... That may be true. To be guided by fate, I think it’s a romantic and fantastic way to think.”

Ruth attachment to her ancestor’s swords being strong, she was persuaded by Theia’s words. Thanks to that, Ruth stopped thinking and went back to her sword training. She repeated the forms just as she had learnt from Koutarou.

“Good grief...”

Seeing Ruth like this, Theia let out a small sigh from relief. Theia smiled at Ruth and switched her feelings.

“Did Flairhan fight like this too?”

“If I’m not mistaken, Flair-sama fought like this.”

Mimicking the movements of Flair she saw in the video recordings left in Koutarou's armour, Ruth wielded two beam swords. It wasn't like she didn't have talent with the sword, and because there wasn't any enemy, those movements were extremely beautiful. Ruth reproduced the tornado like movements of Flair splendidly.

"Huh?"

Then something flashed in her mind. Didn't she fight something this way a little before?

"That was... If I remember correctly... When we were against the radical faction of the People of the Earth... Inside the base..."

"Damn it!? Stop, Ruth, don't think anymore!!"

"That was, a rhi... rhino...?"

"Ruth-chaan! We have a request, ho-!"

"First... It's nothing much, but please accept this offering, ho-!"

"Youuuu, rhiinoceros beetleeeeeee!!"

"Why, ho-!!"

"Do you hate us that much, ho-!?"

She blew the haniwas away by chance as she swung down the swords of light against the illusion of a flock of rhinoceros beetles that appeared in her mind. Fortunately the swords were in practice mode, so the haniwas were safe, but they decided in their heart to never approach Ruth again when she was wielding a sword.

*A bonus short story from MelonBooks that came with Volume 19. Translated by **Mountain of Pigeons**.*

メロンブックス
限定

健速先生書き下ろし
ショートストーリー

大 間の 侵略者 19

健速
Takehaya
イラスト/
ポコ



side:
Harumi

NOT FOR SALE



Volume 19 Side – Harumi

After taking on Alaia's role, Harumi added something to her daily routine, the maintenance of Signaltin. Signaltin could be called part of her, if it wasn't always clean, she couldn't be satisfied. If it was dirty when Koutarou held it, it felt like Harumi was meeting him with her appearance ruined, so she was passionate about keeping Signaltin clean.

"... Hmm, let's clean the scabbard today..."

After gazing at the beautifully sparkling Signaltin for a while, she decided what she'd maintain that day. Harumi didn't miss maintaining it, so it was already shining beautifully enough, but as a girl, Harumi wanted it to shine even more beautifully. To her, Signaltin really was the same as her body.

"Ah, there's a little scratch."

Harumi diligently examined the surface of the scabbard, and each time she found some dirt or a scratch, she would polish the area. Signaltin was made up of magic, so large scratches could be simply restored with magic, but minor scratches and dirt couldn't be. Fine control of the magic was difficult, so the cleaning was finished by hand. Besides, Harumi felt she could put her feelings into the work, so she enjoyed it.

"It's gone, it's gone. Now for the finishing touches..."

Harumi kept working with practised hands. She had several metal accessories, so the skills she learnt maintaining them were useful now. Thanks to that, Signaltin shone just as beautifully as those accessories.

"Good work."

"Theia-san."

Harumi actually had a companion while maintaining the sword. That was Theia, she would often polish Saguratin together with Harumi. Their circumstances were similar, keeping the sword forged for her birth beautiful was part of the etiquette of a princess, and at the same time, it showed her

feelings towards Koutarou as he wielded it.

“Harumi, I’m sorry it’s abrupt, but would you teach me something?”

“Yes, what is it?”

“How should I fix scratches like this one?”

“In this case...”

The two of them worked together, Theia was weak with this kind of work, on top of not being good with fine work, being raised as a princess, she would leave weapon maintenance to machines, or the family’s retainers, so she was uneasy working on something precious like this on her own. It wasn’t something she could leave to others, so she borrowed Harumi’s knowledge like this.

“...and then it’s like that.”

“I see, so you can’t just rub it any which way.”

“If you want a mirror finish, you need just the right amount of force.”

“I’ll be able to do it eventually.”

“Fufu, let’s try together.”

“Let’s”

While sometimes asking for help from Harumi, Theia worked on Saguratin. Originally all she could do was wipe off dirt with a soft cloth, but working with Harumi, Theia became more skilled, and the sword was starting to regain its original sheen after the tough battles it had been through.

“Speaking of this.”

“Yes?”

“The other day, Koutarou said ‘Don’t make it too sparkly’ when he saw this.”

“Well...”

“It’s like he fusses when he uses it.”

Actually, Koutarou thought they were going too far, maintaining them neatly like this. They shone like accessories or works of art, more than actual weapons,

so he worried when he used them.

“It’s stupid, right?”

“If I had to say, wanting it to shine is a maiden’s desire, right?”

“Exactly. He doesn’t understand our delicate emotions.”

“We just want to dress up and stand in front of him.”

“That’s exactly it. But... he may not understand his feelings either.”

“Fufu, a sword is a knight’s soul after all.”

The reason he felt nervous, was probably himself. A sword was a knight’s soul, so if it sparkled, Koutarou also sparkled. Thinking of his own balance, he didn’t feel being any cleaner than he needed to be was necessary.

“That just makes me want to make it sparkle though.”

“He’s unaffected and sincere, he doesn’t go for splendour – Satomi-kun’s a real Japanese man after all.”

“I think being flashy is good though.”

“I agree with you there, ufufufu.”

The two stopped and smiled at each other.

“That’s right, Ruth’s started polishing his armour.”

“The overhaul’s finished then.”

“It is, she’s choosing the coating agent with Clan now.”

“We could use something like that in the future.”

“I want to too.”

“A knight’s soul doesn’t want coating.”

“That’s true, fufufu.”

Thanks to the girls’ desires overlapping, though he didn’t know it, the plan to make Koutarou sparkle progressed. They worked while thinking of the face he would make when he found out, looking forward to that day.

A bonus short story from Toranoana that came with Volume 19. Translated by Kazugaya.

Volume 19 Side – Clariosa

Koutarou would come to clean Clan's room when he got the impression from her that her room had started to get dirty. When Clan was busy, her attention towards herself would fade, her hair becoming disordered and complexion becoming pale. There was no way that in such a condition Clan would pay attention to cleaning her room. Koutarou coming to clean her room when he felt such a change became a habit.

"Oh?"

But strangely, Clan's room wasn't dirty that day. Clan's face was worn out, so following the pattern so far, her room should be unclean. However, contrary to usual, her room was clean and tidy.

"What turn of events is this?"

Being curious about the reason, Koutarou headed to Clan's room. Clan's room was inside a space ship, and her laboratory and room were joined together. That's why, if you opened the door inside the first room, the laboratory, you would find Clan's bedroom.

"Oi, Clan."

"... As usual, you enter a lady's room so casually."

Koutarou was met with a pouting Clan when entering the room. She was still in bed, and she looked at Koutarou while lying down. She wasn't wearing her glasses, but she could clearly see Koutarou's face. She wore them because they were a memento, so the lenses had no correction to begin with.

"What about knocking first?"

"If it's unpleasant, then make it so that I can't enter."

"If I do so, then won't it be a problem for when you come to clean?"

“You don’t have the motivation to clean yourself, huh.”

“I do. Like when you don’t come.”

“Then it’s the same as not having any.”

“Then, I don’t.”

Before, Clan disliked that Koutarou would be able to see her sleeping appearance and face, but she wasn’t concerned about such a thing anymore. She smiled at Koutarou from her bed.

“So, what is your business today?”

“Yeah, that. I came to clean. Because you had bed hair.”

“Oh, how admirable.”

Clan was accepting of Koutarou coming to clean as a matter of course. That’s why she had no particular questions about him saying it was because she had bed hair.

“And yet, it’s unexpectedly tidy, so I was surprised.”

“Aah, that is simply because you came before it got dirty. Besides, didn’t you come last week?”

“Now that you say it, that’s right.”

Obviously, Clan wouldn’t continue to scatter things around, so there was no need for Koutarou to do major cleaning after a few days. Koutarou immediately remembered coming, then he nodded in agreement.

“Then why do you have bed hair?”

“...”

“What is it?”

“I, I don’t want to say it.”

Clan blushed and turned her face away. It looked somewhat cute, so it tugged at Koutarou’s mischievous heart.

“Don’t hide away, and say it. Aren’t we comrades?”

“No matter how close we are, there are things I don’t want to say!”

“If you don’t say anything, I’ll only leave cute clothes and wash everything else.”

“You are so unfair!?”

“I’m often told that. By you.”

“Good grief...”

Clan resigned herself. In truth it was embarrassing to say, but if all her clothes aside from the cute ones were being washed, then it would be too embarrassing to go outside. As Clan was so prideful, she couldn’t bear showing such an appearance to anyone she wasn’t close to.

“Because of m-muscular pain it’s painful to move!”

“Muscular pain? Why?”

“Because I am d-dieting!”

“Which reminds me, there was a clamour about how your weight increased or something.”

“That’s why I tried to exercise!”

“Then your muscles ached.”

“That’s right!”

“That’s why you couldn’t fix your bed hair and can’t get up now.”

“ ... ”

Clan’s face was bright red and she covered her head with the blankets. It was better than going out in cute clothes, but it was embarrassing to let Koutarou know.

“You’re an idiot. You’re supposed to moderate yourself, right?”

“I did moderate myself! But even so, I still ended up like this!”

“... It’s because you don’t normally exercise. Aren’t I always telling you?”

“I am busy!”

Clan more or less tried the exercises for beginners. However, because she had insufficient exercise and was ignorant of how to, her muscles ached to the point

it became troublesome to fix her bed hair.

“Anyway, hurry up and come out from there.”

“It hurts, so I don’t want to.”

“It’ll heal slowly if you just stay still.”

“Bertorion! You think it’s someone else’s problem!”

“Get out of there, then ask someone to give you a massage.”

“No, I don’t want to be exposed to such shame! You do it!”

“... Good grief.”

In the end, the day wasn’t spent on cleaning but on massaging Clan. It looked like Koutarou was made to do too many things, but having seen Clan’s pained face, he wasn’t really dissatisfied.

Clariosa Daora Forthorthe

The second princess of the Holy Forthorthean Empire, she was originally Theia’s enemy. Through certain circumstances, she became Koutarou’s partner. She’s an excellent scientist, but her body is...

A bonus short story from Animate that came with Volume 20. Translated by Mountain of Pigeons.

Volume 20 Side – Yurika

The girl named Nijino Yurika was as bad as Koutarou at getting up. Koutarou slept in the main room, so when someone came, he'd get up, but Yurika was different, she slept in the wardrobe, so she often just kept sleeping, forgot to set her alarm or something similar.

"...Nu, nuha, nuhahaha... 's my win..."

"She's asleep."

"She's asleep, ho-."

"She forgot to set her alarm again, ho-."

Waking her up was Koutarou and the Haniwa's duty. It wasn't that anyone had decided that they'd do it, but they just often did. It just sort of ended up being Koutarou who was good at looking after people, and the Haniwa, who liked work.

"... E'en if 's har', you can't bea' me... nuha, nuhaha."

"Big brother, how do we wake her up today, ho?"

"I wonder. If we shake her she won't wake up, and if we play an alarm next to her ear she'll be angry..."

"What a selfish sleepy head, ho-."

"She really is."

Their trouble every morning was how to wake her. If they just chose the quickest method, she'd complain it was violent and rough. Finding a way to wake her without her complaining was the hardest.

"... That's my tenth win... nuha, nuhahaha..."

“Let’s go with a bit of a curve ball today.”

“A curve ball?”

“A clever plan, ho-!”

Koutarou approached her and put his mouth near her ear.

“... Satomi-shan, I’ll split my points... you can’t have zero points...”

“Yurika, calm down and listen. Nothing good will happen if you win.”

This morning, Koutarou would wake her up with a whispering strategy. Even sleeping people could hear their surroundings. They had an influence on their mental state depending on the individual, but Koutarou had estimated that possibility.

“... ‘at’s not true... ‘s my complete victory...”

“That’s a dream, look at reality, Yurika.”

“... No... you’re just bullying me...”

“Remember Yurika, every time you win, it’s just a sign of worse to come, right?”

“... uuh, uugh, ugghh...”

As Koutarou whispered, Yurika’s expression darkened as she slept on. Her card draws worsened, she’d meet her enemies and be completely defeated, her money drained away. Her dream of continuous wins quickly became a nightmare. Because she avoided hardships, she was already on the brink of waking up. The Haniwa were blown away by it.

“That’s our big brother! He has amazing ideas when it counts, ho!”

“We’ll try it for future reference, ho!”

“Right, go ahead.”

“Yurika-chan, there’s something behind you, ho!”

“It’s a zombie, ho! A zombie’s chasing you, ho!”

“Kyaaaaaaa, nooooooooo!?”

Yurika was completely awake, without being woken roughly. Even so, she

ended up complaining bitterly at Koutarou and the Haniwa.

*A bonus short story from MelonBooks that came with Volume 20. Translated by **Mountain of Pigeons**.*

Volume 20 Side – Theiamillis

A year and a half had passed since they came to Earth, and Theia had grown significantly from the girl she was. However, that growth was focussed inwards, so you couldn't feel much of that growth by her appearance.

"Hmph, damn this, damn this!"

Theia was tearing up a piece of paper and stamping her feet. That alone didn't sate her anger, so she puffed up her cheeks in irritation. Koutarou and Ruth, who was nearby brewing tea, though this was strange, so Koutarou asked.

"... What's got Theia so riled up?"

"I... her body measurements that were on that piece of paper..."

"Ah... So that's what it is."

Ruth answered indirectly, but the keywords 'body measurements' let him understand too. It was something that had been a problem several times. So Koutarou smiled wryly and spoke to Theia.

"Hey, Theia. Being small isn't important, is it?"

"You're big, so you don't understand how small people feel!"

But Theia wasn't in the mood to listen and his words just added fuel to the fire.

"That stature's helped you, you know?"

"What!? How has it done that!?"

"We know you well so it hasn't really mattered, but for people that don't, your cute appearance has given most of them a good opinion of you."

Theia had grown in personality, but even so, she had a harsh attitude to

people that said something wrong. What weakened that impression was her small body. Because it was a small girl saying it, they'd somehow forgive her. If she'd been taller, with an adult woman's body, many more people would have had an issue with her.

"Are you saying that I look like a child!?"

"I'm saying about people that don't know you well hearing that."

"Unununu... You don't know how things work..."

"Forgive me. Not everyone receives a space princess' education."

Theia placed a high value of logic and fairness, as a princess should. But the people of Earth didn't think of her as a princess. So there was a difference in how they thought, and her stature was useful for correcting that difference.

"Nuu..."

Theia grew a little calmer at Koutarou's words, but she was still angry. Then, she turned the argument on Koutarou.

"Then, Koutarou, what do you think? By that logic, you can value my personality fairly."

Koutarou understood her position, so he should be able to take her deeds on their own, without being influenced by her appearance. She wanted to hear the opinion of someone that could do that.

"I can't really say I can judge your personality fairly either."

"Why?"

"How to put it... Ruth-san, can you help for a second?"

"Yes?"

"Would you sit next to Theia?"

"I don't mind, but...?"

Even though she thought it was strange, she followed his request without hesitation and knelt at Theia's side with perfect posture.

"Hya!"

The moment she did, Koutarou let out a yell and karate chopped Theia's head.

"Ahh!? What's that all about!?"

"Calm down, it's what I meant."

"Huh!?"

"If you were a little more adult like, like Ruth-san for example, I wouldn't be able to hit your head that casually. So I'm influenced by your appearance too."

"..."

Theia reached wordlessly for her head as she heard his explanation. The sensation of Koutarou hitting her still lingered, and she felt like it was something she wanted to be a normal occurrence.

"T-then, I suppose I can stay like this for a while."

"You honour me with your words, Your Highness."

"...Right..."

Of course, this didn't completely expel Theia's complex about her size, but she could see the logic behind Koutarou's words and it brought her whirling emotions to a stop. She began to think that maybe it wasn't all bad.

"I can't accept it!"

But it brought forth another dissatisfaction in someone, Ruth.

"It's unreasonable for you to treat us differently based solely on our appearance, master! I also demand violent and unreasonable treatment!"

"C-calm down, Ruth."

"Ruth-san, you're asking the impossible!"

Ruth was really dissatisfied, so Koutarou and Theia would need a little more time to persuade her.

A bonus short story from Toranoana that came with Volume 20. Translated by Mountain of Pigeons.



Volume 20 Side – Sanae

One holiday, Sanae was watching through the anime she'd recorded. She was watching with Koutarou because watching anime alone was boring, so she'd waited until a day that Koutarou was there.

"How many's left?"

"Let's see, four I think."

"Four of what?"

“They’re all of Hundred Ninja.”

Sanae liked many anime, and hero shows were one among them. Incidentally, Koutarou also had an understanding with them, so her waiting until they could watch them together wasn’t just having fun together, but also thinking of Koutarou’s hobbies.

“Ah, those ninja that cluster together.”

“Bringing together a faction is a hero’s right.”

“There’s a limit to that though.”

“Strength in numbers!”

“And what’ll happen to justice if you bulldoze it with numbers.”

“It’s democratic, right?”

“I think it’s more like anarchy.”

They watched the anime as they chatted inconsequentially. Sanae often concentrated too much on the conversation and missed what was going on, but she didn’t rewind it, she really wanted to talk and the anime was just a tool to do so.

“But... maybe it’s right for ninja to do that.”

“Eh, really?”

“Apparently real ninja would fight as large groups. So it’s like they’re swarming.”

“So it’s all those five-member teams that are strange?”

“Strictly speaking I suppose so. Well, that kind of thing probably happens too.”

“Eeehh, interesting.”

Sanae went back to watching the TV as she chewed on rice crackers. On screen it was just as Koutarou had said, large numbers of ninja attacked yokai. And even the largest yokai were quickly dispatched and the attack was over in an instant.

“Hmmm, a swarm attack huh... ehe.”

Sanae threw the remains of her rice cracker into her mouth and smiled as if she'd thought of something. Then, she put her hands together in front of her chest and loudly proclaimed.

“Ninja Art: Clone Technique!”

Sanae let out a burst of spiritual energy that made something like smoke, and when that smoke cleared, Sanae had split into three.

“This is my Secret Ninja Art, Clone Technique!”

“Sanae-chan, how did you do this!?”

“Au, au aua.”

The three were unmistakably Sanae. First, Sanae-chan, full of confidence, then Sanae-san who was bewildered at the turn of events, and finally a husk with a partial soul that had slipped out between them.

“Oi, Sanae, is this going to be alright?”

Koutarou worriedly nudged the clone. Compared to the other two, there was clearly something wrong. It didn't move like a human, but closer to a zombie. The clone let out a weird voice when she was poked and swayed.

“Au au, au.”

“It'll be fine, probably.”

“Don't do that kind of thing with a 'probably', Sanae-chan!”

“It's fine, it's not like we're completely separated.”

“Well, that's true.”

The first two were made up of roughly ninety percent of her original spiritual body. The remaining ten percent gathered in her body and moved it. And as always, their soul was still connected to the body. Whether being zombie-like was a correct way for a girl to present herself, they didn't need to worry about being separated.

“So, what do we do now?”

“Nfufu, a swarm attack ♪ Get him!”

“Au au auua.”

“Eehh!? Eeehh!?... U-umm... Eeeei!!”

At her order, Sanae-chan and her body leapt at Koutarou. Sanae-san was confused but finally made up her mind and joined the two.

“W-what’re you doing!?”

“Take the strength of numbers!”

“I’m sorry!”

“Au, auua.”

Finally the three Sanae ignored the anime and began playing with Koutarou. In the end, Sanae was happiest when playing with someone.

Higashihongan Sanae

She was originally a ghost bound to Corona House room 106. After combining with the personality left in her body, Sanae-san, she became a physical, energetic girl with many expressions.

A bonus short story from MelonBooks that came with Volume 21. Translated by Kazugaya.

Volume 21 Side - Maki

The girl called Aika Maki had a side of her particular about money. But she was only particular about it as a quantitative confirmation of the ties between people, she wasn't really attached to the money itself. In short, she liked keeping the household account book, but she had no interest in saving and using money. Therefore she was the ideal personnel to be a treasurer. But one day, Maki said this:

"Satomi-kun, I would like to embezzle the band of knights' funds."

"Embezzle!?"

Koutarou was taken aback by the word embezzle, but because Maki said it seriously and frankly, he thought that she just wanted money and if he could lend some to her. He also didn't think that Maki would use money for an improper reason.

"... Okay. Use it as you like."

Koutarou easily agreed and cast his gaze on the newspaper on top of the tea table. He was in the middle of reading the newspaper while drinking tea.

"That's not it! I want to embezzle!"

"Then just do it."

Koutarou turned a page of the newspaper, half listening. The numbers filling his head weren't money, but baseball scores.

"You aren't angry?"

"Why?"

"It's about embezzlement, embezzlement! It's a bad thing, you know!?"

"If you say it beforehand like this, it isn't really embezzlement. If you need it,

just use it.”

“Umm... Then, I’ll use it for something unnecessary!”

“What’s that?”

Then finally, Koutarou’s gaze came back to Maki. There, the appearance of the slightly blushing Maki grasping tightly both her hands was reflected in his eyes. It was an unusually cute pose.

“Hmm... Oh well. Use it as you like.”

She didn’t need money, but wanted it. Koutarou interpreted Maki’s words and cute pose as wanting pocket money. Judging that Maki who usually didn’t desire anything wanted something like pocket money was fine, Koutarou gave his approval.

“Geez, Satomi-kun! Why are you saying OK to everything!?”

“Because it’s something you want to do. It’s not a particular problem.”

“Embezzlement... Even though I’m saying I’m doing something bad?”

“Yeah. Usually you don’t say anything selfish, so it’s fine once in a while.”

“Then I’ll be troubled!”

“Why? You wanted to embezzle, right?”

“T-that’s right, but!”

“Mhm~?”

Koutarou started to be confused by Maki’s words. Maki wanted to embezzle, but she was complaining that Koutarou didn’t stop her. He didn’t understand the meaning of the discussion.

Then, something hit Koutarou’s head. It didn’t hurt. It was a ball of paper made from the leaflet in the newspaper that hit Koutarou’s head then rolled lightly on top of the tatami. And the one who threw it was the person drinking tea with him on the opposite side, Harumi.

Sakuraba-senpai?

After having Koutarou turn his gaze to her, Harumi continued to throw balls of

paper in succession. They all bounced on Koutarou, then rolled on the tatami. Then after exhausting her ammunition, Harumi threw a fleeting glance to Maki then she smiled sweetly.

“Ah...”

Koutarou noticed thanks to her smile. What Maki was desiring. That Maki saying she wanted to embezzle was the same as Harumi throwing balls of paper.

“... But well, embezzlement is embezzlement, so you need some kind of punishment.”

“Around here?”

Maki exposed her forehead by moving aside her hair with both her hands, and presented it to Koutarou. Her face at that time seemed awfully eager, it was as if she was saying he could do as he liked, whether it was a flick of the finger or a hit from his fist.

“No, perhaps spanking?”

“Should I undress?”

“Don’t, really don’t!”

“If you’re going to get flustered, then you shouldn’t say it. Fufufu.”

“... Girls are difficult...”

“Whaat?”

“Nothing. Talking to myself.”

“Heeh.”

Maki who was starting to become used to relationships with people, but was somewhat clumsy and couldn’t show it well. While being watched over by everyone, she continued to grow little by little.

A bonus short story from Animate that came with Volume 21. Translated by Mountain of Pigeons.



Ruthkhan Nye Pardomshiha

An alien that came from the Holy Forthorthean Galactic Empire as the princess Theia's attendant. She's recently spent many full days working as the Vice-leader of the Satomi Knight Order.

Volume 21 Side – Ruthkhan

The girl called Ruth had an unusual talent with the sword. However, perhaps unfortunately, she didn't have the personality to use that talent. Her diligence aside, her gentle and family-oriented traits completely stalled her, burying her skills with the sword.

However, one day, the time for her skills to flourish arrived. Everyone in room 106 was imitating a game they saw on the television.

"Rock, paper, scissors!"

The toy hammer in Ruth's hand hit Koutarou on the head with a squeak. Even Koutarou, with his knowledge of swordplay couldn't defend against it, it was a magnificent strike.

Koutarou and Ruth were play fighting with toy hammers. Sitting opposite, the two would play rock, paper, scissors, the winner would hit the loser with the hammer and the loser would have to get a helmet on in time to defend against it. If they couldn't, the one that hit would get a point.

"Ruth takes the first point! Will this be her win again?"

Sanae was the referee and doodled in the notebook as she wrote down the point. They were playing winner stays on, but Ruth had actually won the last three games. Clan, Yurika and Kiriha had all been crushed with her

overwhelming strength. This was a rare development, so Sanae was rather enjoying it.

“Good job, Ruth-san.”

“It seems this game is suited to me.”

Waving the hammer back and forth, Ruth smiled in enjoyment at Koutarou. Not liking violence, she had very few ways to use her talent with the sword. But this game was different. They used toy hammers and solid helmets, so even if you hit with full force, you didn’t need to worry about hurting your opponent. That broke the chains of friendliness binding her heart.

“That’s where you say ‘that’s the Pardomshihas’ I suppose.”

“Aren’t you not being serious, Master?”

Ruth put the toy hammer between them. If she didn’t, the next round couldn’t begin.

“I’m being plenty serious.”

Koutarou put the helmet next to it, confirming exactly where they were as he did so. His opponent was one of the pre-eminent knights of Forthorthe, descended from the Pardomshihas. If he didn’t make proper preparations, it was inevitable he’d be utterly defeated.

“But what about your spiritual power or magic?”

“Using them in a game would be against the rules, right?”

“I don’t want to beat the Blue Knight though.”

Ruth was a girl from Forthorthe, so she had a strong attachment to the legendary Blue Knight. And as a girl, she felt the one she loved was special. So she actually wanted to be completely defeated.

“Then, after everyone’s done playing, I’ll show you my full power.”

“Ahaha, it’s a promise, Master!”

Another chain binding her heart was broken.

A woman supported the man.

But if he was going to be serious later, Ruth's strength here would highlight Koutarou's when he was serious.

"Rock, paper, scissors!"

"Ei≡"

Ruth was serious. Thanks to that, her lunge was a lightning fast strike that made everyone in the room murmur.

A bonus short story from Toranoana that came with Volume 23. Translated by
Mountain of Pigeons.

とらのあな
限定

健速
Takehaya
イラスト/
ポコ

健速先生書き下ろしショートストーリー

お置間の侵略



side:
Nana

23



NOT FOR SALE



Nana (Magical Girl Rainbow Nana)

Among the top class even in the Magic Kingdom, she's a magical girl that was Yurika's mistress. She temporarily had a large handicap with her body, but everyone in room 106 cured her, she's now doing various rehabilitation exercises.



ROOM No.106
CORONA-SOU

とらのあな限定購入者特典

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Volume 23 Side – Nana

Romance was the thing that Nana didn't understand the most. This was because she focussed too much on being a magical girl. From when she was small, she'd always wanted to be valued as a genius magical girl so she'd dissappeared into the groups of girls older by several years and trained constantly. And then, leaping up several ranks, she'd become an Arch Wizard and, only going on solo-missions, fundamentally had no contact with men. Therefore, by the time she noticed it, her back alone had already grown.

"...So, I wanted to ask frankly, what am I like as a girl?"

"Straight to the heart of the matter, huh."

"I know it's something strange to ask. But I don't have any other honest male acquaintances than you, Satomi-san."

The one she turned to in that sense of crisis was Koutarou. The one male close to her, and who knew her in the past somewhat too. He was an honest and reliable person, he kept his promises and spoke truthfully. And she'd also decided to entrust Yurika to him.

"If that's how it is."

"Well then, what do you think?"

"Is it alright if I stare a little?"

"That's fine, look as much as you like. That's why I came here."

Nana nodded in understanding and stood in front of Koutarou, turning with her arms outstretched. She spun around once as he looked at her figure.

"Don't hold back and properly tell me what you think."

"Umm... I think you're very cute."

Koutarou honestly spoke what he felt. From what Koutarou saw, she was as lovely as a doll on display.

"In what way?"

“First, I think your figure’s very feminine.”

“Phew... thank goodness.”

At hearing Koutarou’s words, she let out a small sigh. Hearing that he could feel her femininity had a big meaning to her. She realised that she’d spent all of her time fighting, so they gave her a great sense of relief. Then, perhaps because she was relieved, she leant forward and pressed him further.

“What else?”

“Your body’s small and slender so... um...”

Faced with this, Koutarou grew uncomfortable. He understood her circumstances but continuing to talk about a girl’s good points when she was right in front of him was hard for a teenage boy. However, Nana didn’t really know that so she closed the distance between them, her eyes sparkling.

“So?”

“It makes you want to stay next to you and protect you.”

“Protect... hmm, so that’s how I seem.”

Even as Koutarou was overwhelmed, he somehow managed to answer Nana’s question. As he did, Nana gained a strange look and started gazing at her own body.

“What’s wrong?”

“It’s nothing, this is the first time a man has said they wanted to protect me, so... fu fu fu.”

This too was the fault of her narrow focus. She was someone that protected others, not someone who was protected. So Koutarou’s words were fresh for her.

“But, Satomi-san... Do you really think that?”

“Eh?”

“You know right, my body is mostly a lump of metal.”

But Nana was also uneasy. Her body was mostly artificial, so this was the basis for her fears.

“I think normal men would want to be with you no matter what your body’s made of.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

Kenji was a definite. And even otherwise, Koutarou was sure that many others would hold feelings for Nana.

“Then, you would too?”

“Can’t we leave me aside?”

“I want to hear it, won’t you tell me?”

“U-umm...”

Koutarou frantically searched his mind for some way to distract Nana. However, because her expression was sparkling with happiness, he finally decided to honestly tell her his feelings.

*A bonus short story from MelonBooks that came with Volume 23. Translated by **Kazugaya**.*



Kasagi Shizuka

Koutarou's classmate, and the landlord of Corona House. Recently, her weight has been increasing drastically for some reason, and she is being assaulted by a maiden's troubles.

Volume 23 Side - Shizuka

If you were to talk about Shizuka, doing martial arts and being part of the Cooking Society were the features that stood out. However, that wasn't everything that made her up. Working as a landlord, she was good at all types of housework. Her overall power might be no match for the other girls, but when it came to housework, Shizuka's skills were clearly outstanding.

"... Satomi-kun, could you put that table here?"

"Got it, landlord-san."

In her apron with a duster, Shizuka gave instructions to Koutarou. Then, according to her instructions, Koutarou moved the furniture. Shizuka was having a big clean of her room today. She aimed for a time when Maki, who lived with her, would be out for some event with the Cosplay Society, and was having a grand clean.

"The bottom is dusty, so I'll wipe it while I'm at it."

"Then use this, Satomi-kun."

"Thank you."

"I'll do here... hup."

The moment Shizuka fully displayed her talent for housework was, of course, during major clean-ups. Even though she wasn't at the level of someone

specialised in the trade, as a landlord she had gained experience through continuous cleaning, and clean even to the smaller details.

“Hum~m, hum~♪”

“...”

Shizuka continued to clean while humming. Waving the duster around, using the vacuum, wiping things with a cloth... Those were supposed to be simple jobs, but to Koutarou, it felt strangely as if she were dancing.

“Hum~♪... Huh, what is it?”

Shizuka noticed Koutarou’s gaze. Then the rhythmically moving duster and the humming stopped, and silence returned to the room.

“It’s nothing much, just that you seemed to be enjoying cleaning.”

“Enjoying...? Ah, yes, that might be true.”

Shizuka had an awareness about what Koutarou pointed out, and nodded deeply with a smile.

“You really want to make your memento, Corona House, clean, right?”

“Yeah, the same as you.”

Certainly, the Corona House was a memento from her parents. However, no matter how much consideration was in the words, you shouldn’t say it as bluntly as Koutarou. But Shizuka knew how Koutarou took care of the half knitted sweater left by his mother, so she didn’t take offence from his words and smiled gently.

“But, that’s not all, you know?”

“Is that so?”

“Mm. Because this is also everyone’s home, right?”

“I see, then I understand too.”

“Fufufu.”

Originally it just started as a memento from her parents. However now that wasn’t all it was. It gained the new meaning of being the place where Shizuka’s

important people were gathered. That's why Corona House was more important than before.

"But, there is also a reason that Satomi-kun doesn't understand."

Then Shizuka's smile changed. From a gentle look to a mischievous one. A special smile she only showed because she was extremely close to the other person.

"What's that?"

Koutarou couldn't imagine why Shizuka would smile like this. While feeling she seemed really happy, he only looked at Shizuka.

"Try thinking a little."

"...You succeeded at a new way of cleaning?"

"Ah, that too. But other than that."

"You like cleaning itself?"

"You may be getting a little closer."

While saying those words, Shizuka actually took a step towards Koutarou. Her face was still the one she wore while pulling a prank. However he couldn't sense any ill will. Shizuka was smiling really happily.

"The right answer is—"

Standing near Koutarou, Shizuka stretched slightly upwards. This brought their faces close enough to touch. Shizuka's breath caressed Koutarou's cheek.

"—because I'm alone with the boy I love."

Now, what are you going to do, boy?

At this instant Koutarou finally understood the meaning of Shizuka's smile.

A bonus short story from Book☆Walker that came with Volume 24.
Translated by **Mountain of Pigeons**.





ROOM No. 106

CORONA-SOU

BOOK☆WALKER限定購入者特典

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Volume 24 Side - Book☆Walker Bonus

As Koutarou finished work and returned to room 106, it was just getting to

the time people were thinking of food.

“I’m home.”

“Welcome back, Koutarou.”

“Welcome back, my lord.”

Just after the entry way, in the kitchen, Kiriha and Ruth were in the middle of cooking. To avoid getting in their way, Koutarou quietly moved to the main room.

“...Welcome back.”

As he did, Sanae greeted him with a grim face. To be precise, the ghostly ‘Sanae-chan’ had the grim face, her physical body, ‘Sanae-san’ had her usual smile.

“Welcome back, Koutarou-san.”

“I’m home. What’s up with her?”

“Well...”

“...I sense green peppers!”

Still with her grim face, Sanae-chan pointed towards the kitchen. Looking like there was a family enemy over there.

“Again...”

“What do you mean ‘again’!? It’s a serious issue, right!?”

Sanae-chan had separated from Sanae because she hated green peppers and was intending to make Sanae-san eat them alone.

“Are you trying to say that I, Sanae-chan should be traumatised!?”

“Just shut up and eat the meat-stuffed peppers. Try standing in Sanae-san’s shoes, she’s always eating them alone.”

“I don’t want to try, that’s why I separated!”

“...Of course.”

Sanae had an unbalanced diet, but lately, because of Sanae-san’s influence, she was less picky than before. Even so, even now she hated green peppers and

her separating like this to escape was an everyday occurrence.

“That’s right, Satomi-san. Everyone has one or two weak points, accepting and respecting them is the spirit of charity.”

Then, riding in on Sanae-chan’s coat tails, came Yurika. Her diet was awful, rather than just green peppers, she disliked edible chrysanthemums, celery and the like along with strong smelling foods. With an ally in Sanae, now was the time to fight, only pressing for an answer at the critical moment.

“You shouldn’t use charity as an excuse like that.”

“Satomi-san, do you hate me!?”

“Of course not?”

“You do, you only do things I hate.”

To try and escape the nightmare of peppers, she puffed out her cheeks and kept complaining. However, she felt the situation turning bad, and turned for help from Theia this time.

“Don’t you think, Theia-chan!?”

“I’m not sure about that.”

Theia had been watching relatively calmly. When it came to food, she wasn’t particularly picky at all, so even when she was asked for agreement, she spoke frankly.

“Though in my case, if I really didn’t want to, it’d be fine if I didn’t.”

However, Theia was a person that spoke from a selfish point of view, so she wasn’t going to actively support Koutarou.

“It’s unfair it’s just Theia-chan!”

“That’s right! We don’t want to eat it either!”

“Oi, Theia, don’t make things worse.”

“S-sorry, I didn’t mean anything bad.”

Thanks to Theia’s statement, things became more chaotic. As Theia looked around for help after Koutarou’s complaint, Kiriha and Ruth finished preparing

the food and came into the room. On the trays they were carrying, were plates of meat-stuffed green peppers for each person.

“It’s here, noooo!”

“I’ll leave the rest to you.”

“Geez, Sanae-chan...”

“...My lord, what’s the commotion about?”

“Actually, they don’t want to eat green peppers again.”

“Oh dear...”

“By the way, Kiriha, why did you choose green peppers if you knew it would end up like this?”

“That’s a difference in perspective. I chose them because I knew it would end up like this.”

“Kiriha-san, did you want to cause an argument from the start!?”

“Indeed, that’s why I chose plain meat-stuffed peppers.”

The number of people increasing caused chaos, and while eating, they all clamoured about this and that. This was their daily life, room 106 was peaceful today too.

*A bonus short story from MelonBooks that came with Volume 24. Translated by **Mountain of Pigeons**.*



健速

Takehaya

イラストノ
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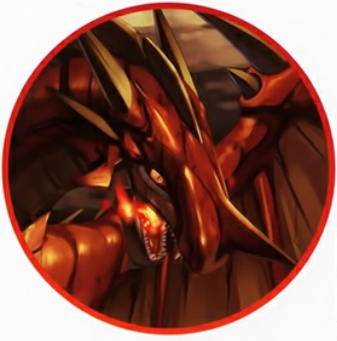
メロンブックス
限定

健速先生書き下ろしショートストーリー

side:
A'lluenayer

NOT FOR SALE





Firedrake Emperor Alunaya

The King of the Firedrakes that Koutarou met in the past Forthorthe. He currently resides in Shizuka and helps everyone, but there are issues with energy.



メロンブックス:

ROOM No. 106
CORONA-SOU

メロンブックス限定購入者特典

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Volume 24 Side – Alunaya

The Firedrake Emperor Alunaya dwelled within Shizuka's body, but if he tried, he could temporarily separate himself. Although, if he were to do something large-scale, it would use up a large amount of magic and invite Shizuka's scolding. After various experimentation, he found that if he made a small illusion and move his will and senses to it, using only a fraction of his power, then it would use little enough magic that Shizuka wouldn't complain. And so sometimes, he would separate from Shizuka and explore the neighbourhood.

"It's intrigued me for a while, but what is this?"

"It's a post box, ho-."

"It's a way to send letters, ho."

"I have the impression that Old Forthorthe had this kind of thing too. I understand."

When Alunaya explored the neighbourhood, Karama and Korama would often accompany him. The two Haniwa had mostly sorted Kiriha's problems, so they were free, and their ability to fly through the air and conceal themselves was helpful for Alunaya's exploration. But the biggest reason was that they liked him, their hearts were stolen by the emperor like personality he sometimes showed.

"Mister Monster, there's someone we wanted to introduce you to today, ho."

"It should be a good day to meet them, ho."

"What kind of person are they?"

"He's the boss of this area, ho."

"So we wanted to introduce you to the boss and he'd know you too, ho."

He didn't have any firm destination in mind, so he went along with their suggestion of going to meet this person. Alunaya had no wish to damage the local community with ill manners, so followed after the Haniwa with no hesitation.

Just as they were nearing their destination, the group encountered some unforeseen trouble. It was as they decided to take a shortcut through a back-alley. A group of frenzied stray dogs were encircling a kitten.

“Hah, curses!”

The instant Alunaya saw this, he raced off. The dogs were ready to kill so if it was left like this, the kitten’s life would be in danger.

“This is how Mister Monster is cool, ho.”

“Let’s go too, ho-!”

Alunaya could probably drive them off on his own, but the Haniwa had no intention of making their respected emperor fight alone. The two Haniwa hurriedly followed after Alunaya.

“Why you, if you were aiming for an adult then be that as it may, but a child!? And in numbers no less!!”

The fight was settled in an instant. At Alunaya and the Haniwa’s interference, the majority of the stray dogs fled in fear of Alunaya. The intuition of wild creatures could feel the true essence lurking behind the round and cute eyes of the plush toy.

“Grrrrr, arf arf arf!”

However, a small portion of the group attacked Alunaya. The group leader and the dogs that didn’t have working intuition.

“Leave this to us, ho-!”

“We won’t let you lay a single finger on him, ho-!”

However, the attacking dogs were thwarted by the barrier that the Haniwa made, and brought to a standstill. And then, as Alunaya bared his fangs and menaced them, they left, downtrodden. All that was left was the kitten, its injuries throbbing.

The Haniwa guided Alunaya to a small park. There were no people there, only a group of cats gathered around.

“Meow!”

The kitten had followed them this far and now headed towards the cats. As it did, their gazes simultaneously moved to Alunaya and the Haniwa.

“It looks like you could join your companions.”

“And we can meet the boss, ho-!”

The kitten mewed with the group for a while, and as it did, a comparatively larger, black cat emerged from the group and approached them. The leader of the group.

“Meow, me-ow.”

The black cat approached to in front of Alunaya and sat down neatly there, staring motionlessly at Alunaya’s face. The kitten followed a little behind and lay on its side, showing Alunaya its stomach.

“This is the boss of this area, Himon Senmon-san, ho.”

“He and the fishmonger are fated rivals, ho.”

“I see... It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, I am the King of the Firedrakes, Alunaya.”

“Meow, meow.”

In this way, the boss and Alunaya met peaceably and with saving the kitten, relations between them started well. If there was a problem, it would be that gifts would be sent to Corona House. To the cats, the best gift were mice they caught themselves. That would be terrifying to Shizuka.

A bonus short story from Toranoana that came with Volume 24. Translated by
Mountain of Pigeons.

とらのあな
限定

健速先生書き下ろしショートストーリー

六畳間の侵略者!!

健速
Takehaya
イラスト/
ポコ

24

side: Elpharia

NOT FOR SALE





とらのあな限定購入者特典

ROOM No. 106
CORONA-SOU

とらのあな限定購入者特典

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Volume 24 Side – Elfaria

For Elfaria, it was hard to find time to spend with Koutarou. Her status as Empress followed her everywhere, but when she was with Koutarou, she could forget her rank and go back to just being a woman.

“...Still, that’s going too far.”

“What is?”

“If the citizens saw you in that outfit, they’d be shocked.”

Elfaria was dressed unthinkably for an empress today. She was wearing a baseball kit. And just like the women’s baseball kits, it had short shorts.

“...You’re not saying your disappointed?”

“I’m rather reluctant to actually say it, but it’s not like it doesn’t suit you.”

There were questions as to whether shorts that bared her glossy thighs like that, and a shirt which let her chest heave as it did when she moved and showed peaks of her midriff were suitable for an empress, but they showed her liveliness and sweetness well, so Koutarou couldn’t say so particularly strongly.

“Fu fu, is that all?”

“No. I’m going to make sure you go back with a good impression of baseball since you said you wanted to play catch.”

“...You meanie, Reios-sama.”

Elfaria wanted more direct praise. Elfaria was a woman, so there were times she wanted to hear those words clearly. And if that actually happened, she would... Those kind of feelings dwelled in her chest.

The two started playing catch. No one else was there that day, so the only sounds echoing across the floodplain were the sounds of the ball hitting the mitt and the words the two sometimes exchanged. The only other things around were the sun sparkling in the blue sky and the soft sound of the river

water flowing. The time passed peacefully.

“Reios-sama, would you throw the ball a bit seriously?”

Thwump.

After they had thrown the ball back and forth dozens of times, Elfaria suddenly smiled. She had the face of a child who had just thought of a prank.

“By seriously, how seriously do you mean?”

Thwump.

“Using everything seriously.”

Thwump.

“Then put the mitt in front of your chest, and don’t move it at all.”

“Right.”

“Phew... how about, this!?”

THWACK.

“Owowowowowwww... I couldn’t see the ball, Reios-sama.”

“Even so, well caught.”

“I don’t know about caught, it just stuck between and didn’t fall.”

Elfaria took the mitt off and smiled innocently as she showed Koutarou. The ball had stuck between the fingers and even as she shook it, showed no signs of falling.

“I was a little off then?”

“It seems so.”

“What about your problem?”

“Eh?”

She was taking the ball out of the mitt, but when she heard Koutarou’s words, her movements stopped completely. Then she whirled in shock to Koutarou. If he had to say, her expression wasn’t that of an empress, but that of a woman.

“You were worried about something, right?”

“So you noticed.”

“Yeah. But you’ve always got through your worries, so I thought it was about time.”

“That’s right. I just made my mind up.”

“I guessed so, with that expression.”

“...You meanie, Reios-sama.”

Elfaria once more returned to smiling. But the extent of her smile was different, a reproach shone clearly through in it.

“What?”

“If you said that from the start, I could have been spoiled by you.”

“An empress’ resolution shouldn’t be swayed so easily by others.”

Elfaria’s worries were about whether she must wage a war that would cause the victims among her people to increase. That’s why it was necessary to Koutarou for her to have resolved herself.

“But if you’ve made up your mind, I’ll listen to all your complaints.”

“Really, Reios-sama!? A knight can’t go back on their word, you know!?”

“Right, right, bring it on.”

The two of them kept playing catch until sunset. It was just throwing a ball back and forth while talking, but the two of them were very satisfied as they walked the road home.

*A bonus short story from MelonBooks that came with Volume 25. Translated by **Mountain of Pigeons**.*

メロンブックス
限定
購入者特典

健速先生書き下ろし
ショートストーリー

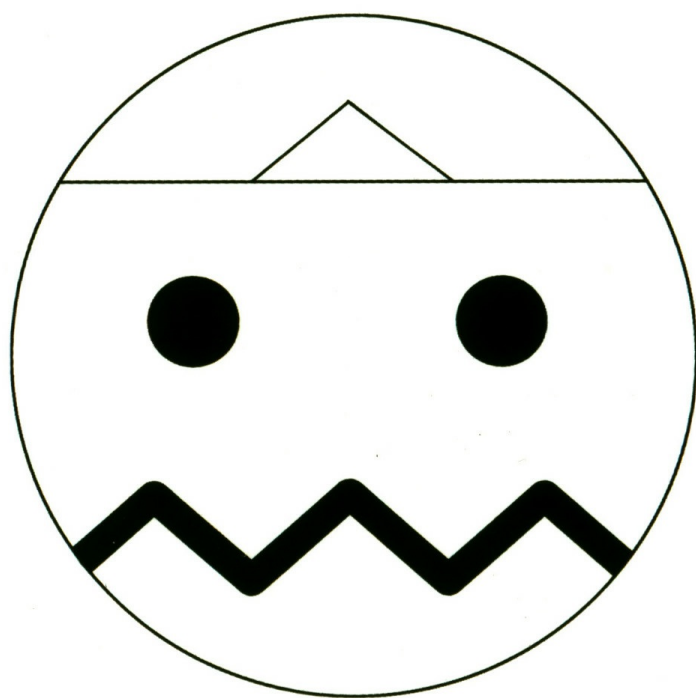
健速
Takehaya
イラスト
ポコ

side: **Sanae**

NOT FOR SALE

六畳の曼者 間の略者 25





ROOM No. 106
CORONA-SOU

メロンブックス限定購入者特典

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Volume 25 Side – Sanae

Sanae always clinging to Koutarou's back was a habit from when she was a ghost. She'd possessed him for so long by doing that, that even after returning to being human, she naturally kept doing the same thing. She'd even constantly do so while they were at Harukaze High School, so it was a well-known characteristic of hers throughout the school. Just a little earlier they'd passed by some members of staff, but they didn't really have anything to say about it.

"Hey, Sanae?"

"Mmm?"

"If you think about it calmly, you doing this doesn't really have any point."

"It does, how rude."

"It does?"

"Yeah. It makes sure you understand my overflowing love."

"Guess there's no helping it then."

"Right?"

When Sanae was a ghost, she replenished her energy from him and could taste food through his senses, doing that, there was a clear reason for it. However, now that she'd returned to a living body, there was no need for that. She just did it because she wanted to.

"Oh yeah, Koutarou, what do you think of it when I do this?"

"Hmm, well you've been doing it for nearly two years, so I've not really got any impressions of it."

"Think of something. Thanks to me doing this everyday you've got good blood circulation, and your shoulders don't get stiff, do they?"

"Yeah, that's true. And I'm not tired the day after playing baseball on the grass."

Before they knew it, this had become normal. Not just for Sanae, Koutarou

liked it too. There was no reason to deliberately stop it. And surely if they did, it would feel somewhat lonely, he didn't say it, but that's how Koutarou felt.

"By the way, Sanae, I've been curious about something for a while."

"Mmm?"

"When you're on my back, you're lighter aren't you? What kind of trick is that?"

"Asking a maiden about her weight can't be praised."

"I'm not really though."

Still with Sanae on his back, Koutarou went through the school gate. He didn't have work today either, so the two went home like that. The sinking sun shone down on them, stretching their shadow out, because she was clinging to him, there was only one.

"I'll tell you then... I actually use my maidenly power to float ever so slightly."

"Ah, so that's what it is. I thought you'd borrowed something from Theia or the others."

"You should preserve your lifestyle yourself."

"Your thinking is right here and there."

"Right?"

Even though he had a person clinging to his back, Koutarou didn't really feel that weight. He only felt the slight swaying of a part of her weight as he changed direction. It was left at that because Sanae lifted her own weight with spiritual power in time with Koutarou's movements.

"That must be tough though. You weigh something like fort--"

"Stooooop!"

"Mgh."

"If you say anything more, I'll strangle you."

"Mgh, mghgh, mghh."

"...Mmm, fine, I'll let you off."

“Puah... Even for you, constantly lifting a person has got to be tough.”

“It is, but I’m used to it.”

“Don’t use spiritual power for pointless things like that.”

“Because then you’ll think I’m a heavy girl, in various ways.”

“That’s a feeling men won’t understand.”

There was actually just one change that Koutarou felt. That was Sanae’s body heat. When she was a ghost, he couldn’t feel it at all, but he could feel it clearly now. Thanks to that, the sensation that she was there had grown far stronger. That feeling was true for Sanae too.

“By the way, what’d happen if you tried even harder?”

“Hmm?”

“If you increased your maidenly power, would I float too?”

“Sounds fun!...Mmm, there!”

“Whoa! W-whoa, I’m floating, I’m floating!”

So the connection between them had grown even stronger than when she was a ghost. However, the two of them paid it no mind and carried on like that for a while.

A bonus short story from Toranoana that came with Volume 25. Translated by Kazugaya.

Volume 25 Side – Yurika

Before they knew it, Yurika became the perfect freeloader, so her meals were dependent on Koutarou, the head of the household. Thanks to it, her poor eating habits were improved, and she didn't need cup noodles and packet noodles anymore.

"... And yet, why are you buying them?"

In Room 106, there were meals in the morning, at noon and in the evening. They were made by Ruth, Kiriha, Shizuka and Harumi, but the food they shared was properly made. They maintained a nutritional balance, and the quantity was sufficient. There shouldn't be any reason for Yurika to buy instant noodles. Nevertheless, Yurika stuffed the shopping basket with instant noodles. It was an action that Koutarou couldn't understand.

"This and that are different!"

However, Yurika more or less had her own circumstances. That's why she earnestly pleaded with Koutarou.

"If I don't store enough, I can't settle down!"

Yurika lived in the above part of the closet in Room 106. Among her tightly packed personal effects, there were also instant noodles. If she didn't have enough instant noodles, she couldn't settle down. She needed to have a fixed quantity or more in the interior, so to speak.

"... Is it recoil from continuing to live a poor life?"

"I'm not poor!"

"But now you have three proper meals a day, so even if you buy them there's no need to eat them."

"Ugh, th-that's..."

Because she ate properly, Yurika didn't need to buy instant noodles. The reason being, what she bought before should still be left. Yurika unintentionally fell silent from what Koutarou pointed out calmly.

"That's?"

"... That's... Umm... There are many things like this, and that..."

"Talk clearly, clearly."

"When I'm hungry, I eat them secretly, so they decrease fairly..."

"Why are you getting hungry? There's always plenty to eat."

"..."

That instant, Yurika quickly averted her eyes. Then sweat gradually oozed from her forehead.

Impossible, did she!?

Seeing this, Koutarou understood instantly. Then he pressed Yurika with a strict gaze and voice.

"Could it be that, when you left food because of your pickiness, you endured with instant noodles?"

"..."

"That's it, right?"

"..."

Thud.

"Sorry, sorry, I'm sorry for being born! I never had any bad intent!"

"If you had any bad intent I'd beat you!"

"Then then, is it fine to be picky?"

"No it's not."

"Eeeeeeeeeeh!!"

Yurika's pickiness was extreme. She especially disliked vegetables with a strong smell and a bitter taste. Celery and bitter melon were good examples,

but the strongest was bell pepper which combined the two. When it appeared on the dining table, she barely ate anything. Those days, without fail, Yurika would wait until Koutarou fell asleep then eat instant noodles. Koutarou was a heavy sleeper, so he didn't notice anything.

“Today I'll ask Kiriha-san to stuff the meat with bell peppers.”

Koutarou put back the instant noodles from the basket on the display shelf, then he went towards the vegetable section with a firm attitude. Yurika clung half-crying to Koutarou.

“Please, forgive me! Please, anything but that, forgive me!!”

“No.”

“Have mercy! At least, please overlook one cup noodle!”

“There's no way I'll permit it, you fool.”

That day, Yurika was made to eat meat stuffed with bell peppers at dinner. Her mouth was forcibly opened, and the stuffed meat was pushed into it.

“Satomi-san, don't you love me!?”

“It's because I love you. Let's build a bright and happy future, Yurika!”

“It's a lieeeeeee! It's absolutely a lieeeeeee!!”

There was already no way for her to escape this fate. However, even then Yurika didn't give up. She didn't give up, but it was totally meaningless.

Notes

1. [↑](#) For those who want to know, Shizuka calls Alunaya 'Oji-sama'. So 'Uncle' with respect.

2. ↑ So, just so you know, Theia call herself with 'warawa' and end her sentences/changes a few words with 'ja', agree with 'umu', etc... I decided to keep the way Warnis translated, so it won't show in the translation, but I thought you might want to know.

**Rokujouma no Shinryakusha!? - Short Story
Compilation**

Author: Takehaya

Illustrator: Poco

Translated by Kazugaya & Mountain of Pigeons

- 2017-06-10